Vol. III. Numb. 15.

THE OBSERVATOR.

Petition to the Obſervator. *The* Obſervator *to be ſent for a Foot-Soldier. The* Country-man's *Plot againſt* Perkin.

From Wednesday May the 10th, to Saturday May the 13th, 1704.

untry-m. MAſter *Obſervator*, I have a Petition to you.

Obſ. For what? And from whom?

Country-m. From abundance of People, That you would leave off your *Old Stories*, and give them ſomething that is *New*.

Obſ. There is nothing New under the Sun. And the Modern Stories are often Falſe: We may truſt to Records, when we can't relie upon Relations, which have more of the *Party* than the *Truth* in 'em.

Country-m. I'll tell you a *New Story*, Sir *George Rook* has Fought moſt Deſperately in the *Straights* with a Squadron of *French* Men of War, and has taken and Kill'd I can't tell how many of 'em.

Obſ. That's New indeed. But our News-Writers take the Liberty to Banter that Gentleman. They told us the laſt Year, of the Lord knows how many Prizes were taken in the Channel, but they were only taken on their Papers, and if this Story had been true, without doubt it would have been Confirm'd on the *Gazzette*; and we may believe Her Majeſty has as good an Account of the Enterprizes of her Fleet as any of her Subjects.

Country-m. Why, Maſter, you are a meer *Infidel*. I believe all *Good News* to be True.

Obſ. So don't I, nor *Bad News* neither; but I mention this to let you ſee the Difference betwixt *New* and *Old* Stories, and the Nauſeous Viciated Pallat of ſuch as long for Modern *Kick-ſhaws*, when they may be fed with the Ancient Substantial Food of the Kingdom. I'll tell thee a Story.

Hugh Peters, a Factious Preacher in the *Uſurpers* Time, us'd to tell a many Stories in the Pulpit, upon which Account he was more follow'd than the more Serious Preachers of the Times. An old Fellow coming to hear him, ſtood for ſometime in the Iſle, and then moves backward towards the Church-Door, which *Peters* eſpying, he calls to him, and ſaid, *I know Old Man you came to hear Hugh Peters tell a Story, come back and ſit down in the Pew, and by and by you ſhall have what you came for.* Accordingly the Old Man comes back, and ſits down. After *Hugh* had gone thro' his Diſcourſe, Now, ſays he, *Old Man I am come to my Story; once upon a Time a Man went to the River-ſide and got upon a Willow, and there gathered a ſwinging great Rod, and what do you think was to be done with this Rod?* The Old Man anſwering nothing, ſaid *Hugh, It was to Whip ſuch an Old Fool as thou art, that went'ſt away from hearing the good Word of God, and cam'ſt back again to hear a Story.*

Country-m. I know the Application of this Story; but I am none of thoſe Old Fools; yet muſt tell you there are a many Fools that don't like Old Stories; and ſay, *That they don't value one Farthing what their Anceſtors did in Relation to the Succeſſion, they have got an Act of Settlement on Queen Ann and the Houſe of* Hannover, *by which they'll Stand or Fall.*

Obſ. I am very glad to hear that; and I'll be one of their Company.

Country-m. That's more than you know.

Obſ. Why, Prithee do'ſt think I don't know my own Mind?

Country-m. Ay. But, Sir, there's a Plot againſt you.

Obſ. Againſt me! Bleſs me! For what?

Country-m. To ſend you out of the way.

Obſ. What to Murder me?

Country-m. No, no, to ſend you out of the way by a New Act of Parliament.

Obſ. It muſt be by a New Act; for I don't know that ever I Tranſgreſs'd againſt an Old One.

Country-m. It is by a New Act *For Raiſing Recruits*; which, as I am told, allows Three Juſtices of the Peace to ſend whom they pleaſe into the Army.

Obſ. I never ſaw that Act; but I ſuppoſe there are ſome Limitations in it; they are not to ſend every Body they pleaſe.

Country-m. I don't know how it is, but they ſay there are Three Juſtices in *Surrey* that will do you that Kindneſs.

Obſ. It may be ſo, there's one fine *L*—— a Juſtice, that paid double Taxes for not taking the Oaths in the late Reign; and ſince that ſaid, *That it would never be well for* England *till the Young Gentleman came over*, or Words to that Effect. Now you know 'tis his Intereſt to ſend all ſuch out of the Kingdom as would keep his Young Maſter from coming hither.

Country-m. I thought the Lords had Addreſs'd Her Majeſty, that none of thoſe *Non-jurors* ſhould be continued in the Commiſſion of the Peace.

Obſ. They did ſo, like Noble Patriots as they are, and I hear a Regulation is made in ſome Counties, and I don't think *Surrey* will eſcape. But prithee what Soldier would they have made me?

Country-m. E'en a poor Foot Soldier, with a *Muſket* on your Back.

Obſ. No ſure. If I had been *Sent* for a Soldier, I ſhould e'en have taken one of the *Senders* on my Back for a *Blunderbuſs*.

Country-m. I told 'em they ought to have ſent you for an Officer; but they ſaid, *The Act did not ſend Officers.*

Obſ. They would have but a ſorry Foot Soldier of the *Obſervator*, who does neither underſtand the Spade or Pick-Ax, Digging of Trenches, or Caſting up Breaſt-works; and yet I have been where thoſe People that would ſend me durſt not come; and where, perhaps, I have Commanded better Men than themſelves. It has been my Fortune to be in a Fighting Army, under a General that we now Dearly want, who did not uſe to return from the War *Sine Clade Victor*, and then Ride in Triumph over his Queen on a Medal.

Country-m. Well, I am ſorry for it; but the *Rooks* of the *Burrough*, and the *Rogues* of St. *Mary Overries* will ſend you for a Soldier.

Obſ.

Obſ. They *Will* ſend me you ſay: I don't care to be Preſs'd, *Nemo perdet Patriam* was a ſtanding *Maxim* before this New Act of Parliament. But if either of thoſe Juſtices have a mind to Preſs me, let 'em meet me ſingly in St. *Georges-Fields*, and they ſhall do it if they can.

Country-m. No, no, they'l take you up with a Warrant upon the Proclamation againſt you, and then away you go, in your Red-Coat. Mr. *How* and Mr. *Bragg*, are taken up already.

Obſ. I hope they han't ſent 'em for Soldiers, have they?

Country-m. No, no, the Meſſenger came to their Houſes and took 'em up.

Obſ. Well, and how then?

Country-m. Thence they were carried to the *Secretary's Office*, and there gave in Bail.

Obſ. That's better than going for Soldiers. But I'll aſſure thee, Honeſt *Country-man*, they are come off better than I, who have twice offered Bail and it could not be accepted.

Country-m. Why, don't I tell you, they deſign to ſend you for a Soldier. You Bail'd! No, no, you muſt go and catch a *Tartar* on the *Moſelle*.

Obſ. What more News haſt?

Country-m. Upon my honeſt Word, Maſter *Obſervator*, very ſad News. Here's the *Flying-Poſt* tells us from *Ireland*, that *Perkin*, with 12000 *French* Cut-Throats, is coming into that Kingdom; and that thereupon the People begin to think of Securing Themſelves and their Effects.

Obſ. The only and beſt Way that I know, of ſecuring themſelves and their Effects, is to get into a Body, and knock *Perkin* and all his Cut-Throats on the head.

Country-m. Ay, but they ſay alſo, That the *Diſſenters* in the Commiſſion of Peace and Militia begin to lay down upon the Clauſe in the late Act for *Preventing the Growth of Popery*.

Obſ. Excluding *Proteſtant Diſſenters* from Commiſſions may prevent the Growth of *Popery*, for ought I know, in *Ireland*. But, I'll tell thee, when I was laſt in that Kingdom, there was not one *High-Flyer* in the whole Country, that I could meet with, except one ſilly Parſon, juſt ſuch another as Parſon *Smut*. And both the *Church-men* and *Diſſenters* in that Kingdom, are the beſt ſort of *Engliſhmen* and *Chriſtians* that ever I met with. Never fear *Perkin*: If thoſe *Proteſtants* had been ſupply'd with Arms upon the Revolution, We need not have been at ſuch vaſt Charge to Reduce that Kingdom.

Country-m. But they ſay that the *Diſſenters* are near one half of the *Proteſtants*; and if they muſt not Fight, what then?

Obſ. Prithee Man, Nature has given every one a Commiſſion to defend himſelf and Country againſt an Invaſion. Do ſt think if *Perkin* ſhould Land in *England* near the Place where I am, that I would ſend to Court for a Commiſſion? No, I would get as many luſty Fellows, as I could together; beat out his Brains, and then ſend word to Court of what I had done.

Country-m. If it be ſo 'tis well enough. But, Sir, I have contriv'd a Plot, will you go Snacks with me in it?

Obſ. I don't Care if I do, provided it be a Good Plot.

Country-m. 'Tis a Plot againſt *Perkin*.

Obſ. With all my Heart.

Country-m. We have about 100000 brave Fellows in *England* that are Obliged to Fight againſt *Perkin*, and I believe they don't know it, and therefore let us tell 'em ſo that they may be Readineſs.

Obſ. Prithee, who are theſe Men that are ... particularly engag'd againſt *Perkin*?

Country-m. The Shoe-makers.

Obſ. How ſo Man.

Country-m. Why, look'ye, de ſee, if *Perkin* ... the *French* come to Govern here, we muſt wear *Wooden-Shoes*, and that will ſpoil the ... Trade of the Brother-hood of St. *Criſpin*. ... you we have Journey-men *Shoe-Makers* enough ... *England* to prick Young *Perkin* to Death ... their *Awls*, and I am ſure they will do it. ... are us'd to Eating of good *Beef* and *Pudding*, ... to Sucking of their Faces; they'll never ... brought to Dine on *Herbs*, and to Drink *Adam* Ale.

Obſ. Thou art in the Right. *Engliſhmen* ... hardly learn the Doctrines of the *Wooden-Shoes* tho' our *High-Flyers* ſhould tell 'em 'twas a ... *Divino Relique*.

Country-m. Maſter *Obſervator*, I am a poor ... ly Country Fellow, but I have a good mind ... ſpeak to our Parliament-Men, that they would ... ſpeak to the Speaker, and the reſt of the *Houſe of Commons*, that a Law may be made, *That whoever will not take the Oaths to my Queen, or that is for* Perkin, *let him be of what Degree or Quality ſoever ſhall be obliged to wear Wooden-Shoes in this Reign*, that we may know who would be *Slaves* from thoſe that are *Freemen*; but that the Number of Shoe-Carpenters may be aſcertained, for fear they ſhould learn to Shoe the whole Nation.

Obſ. Thou art quite miſtaken in the Caſe thoſe that are for *Perkin* don't deſign to be *Slaves*, they intend to be *Lords*, and be the *Riders* of the People.

Country-m. I don't know what you Intended but I am ſure you were concerned in a Revolution, for which you were never one Penny the better, no more than't thoſe Fellows: I'll have a Plot for them too.

Obſ. How's that?

Country-m. Why, we'll knock 'em all on the Head as ſoon as *Perkin* is Landed, and then you know they can't live to be Miniſters in his Government.

Obſ. Oh rare *Country-man*, turn'd *Plotter* and *Polititian!*

Country-m. I have more Plots in my head againſt *Perkin*, which I ſhall tell you at another Time but at preſent I bid you Farewel.

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